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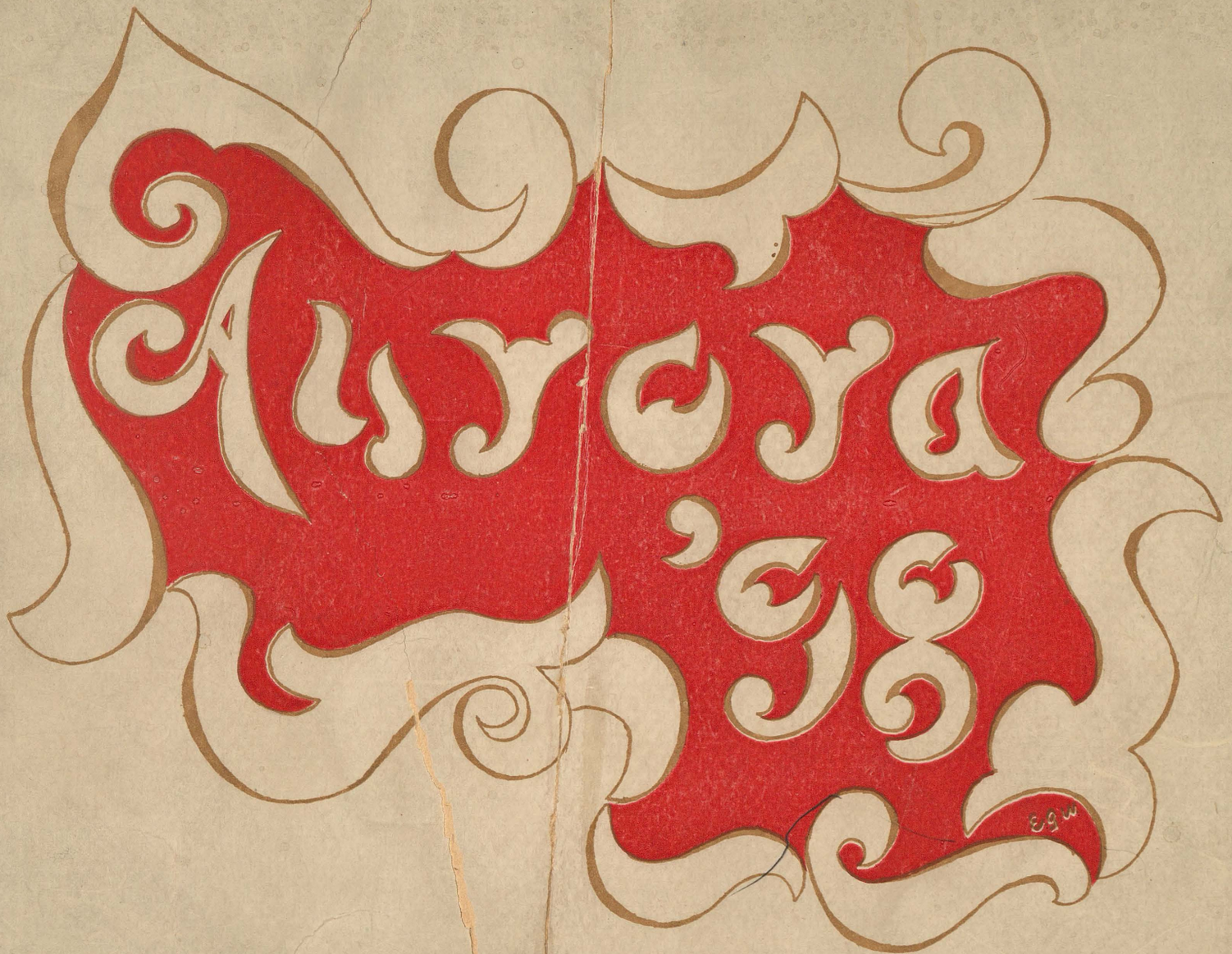


Aurora '98

BASTIAN BROS. & COMPANY,
SAGINAW, MICH.

1898.

AURORA BOARD.

AURORA BOARD.

Edward E. Webber, Editor-in-chief.

Assistants—English, Fannye S. Kerngood;
German, Marjorie Bowen.

Business Manager, Peter Schramm.

Advertising Assistant, Arthur O'Brien.

Orator, Robert L. Benson.

Historian, May McCall. Prophet, Sylvia Bitterman.

Poet, May Eulalia Moreau.

Essayist, Lena Bow. Novelist, Clara May.

Artists, May Jenkins, Gwendolyn Williams.

Humorist, Kate Hamilton.

DEDICATION.

Having in mind the general public of Saginaw, which has upheld, with peculiar educational spirit, the school system from which we are now graduated as the class of '98, we beg leave to dedicate this edition of the "Aurora" to its grateful memory. Especially does this apply to those who have, at any time, given their attendance at this seat of learning, and who, consequently, must take pleasure in the "Aurora."

INTRODUCTION.

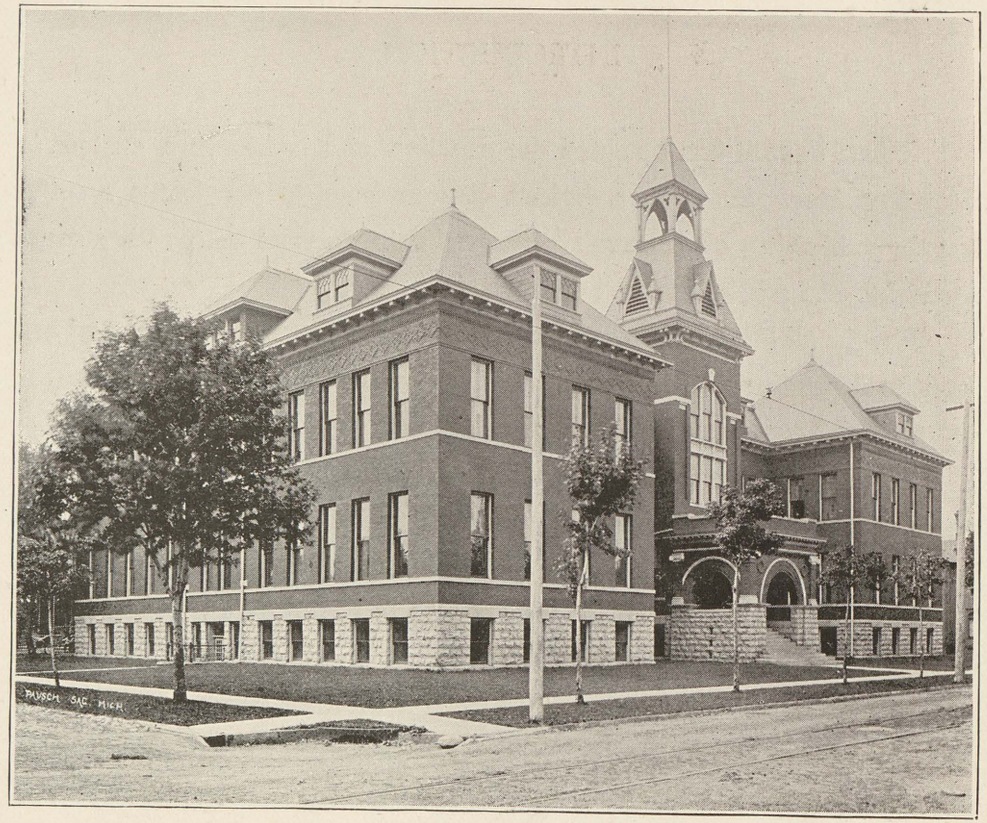
When once it has obtained the sanction of its observers, custom is very tenacious. Sometimes, indeed, custom leads to pernicious results; but the publishing of "annuals" by graduating classes seems very commendable and profitable to all concerned.

Nearly all High Schools of lively talent observe the custom, and are wont to denominate their annual productions by such names as "Aurora," "Paean," etc., words of classical origin and signification.

The East Saginaw High School published its first Aurora some nine years ago, since which time succeeding classes have exercised much care in upholding what they considered the honor of both class and school. The class of '98 determined to present a book correspondingly creditable to its past record and abnormal size.

The editors, if they have not betrayed their trust, request a charitable and faithful perusal of the herewith. Furthermore, the managers seize this opportunity to recommend that the advertising patrons receive due consideration, in view of their kind and material aid.

—BOARD.



EAST SIDE HIGH SCHOOL

FACULTY.

E. C. Warriner — Principal.

Elizabeth C. Neneh — English.

Frances E. Thompson — Latin.

Ida M. Numan — Greek & Latin.

Phoebe Fairchild — History.

E. T. Austin — Science & Math.

Grace G. Willard — Mathematics.

Fannie A. Burnham — English & Math.

Pelma Gray — English.

M. F. Eddy — Mathematics.

H. M. Randall — Science

Helen B. King — Science.

Ernst Wolf — German & French

Margaret Merrill — Science.

S. S. Purdy — Commercial.

Clara Feige — Commercial.

Elizabeth Zahner — German.

Carrie B. Mowry — English.

Elizabeth M. Getz — Art.

CLASS SONG.

[Air—Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest."]

O beauteous month of roses,
  Come bless this happy eve
When we upon Life's threshold,
  Join hands and take our leave.
O, classmates, yes, forever,
  In joy and grief the same;
Whatever fears disturb us
  Our friendship ne'er will wane.

The jewelled crown of knowledge
  From Duty's hand we've won;
May we ne'er cease to wear it
  Until Life's race is run.
And ever in our memory
  Our teachers will remain,
Those dear kind guides of school days
  We'll sing in glad refrain.

Behold! our crimson curtains
  All mingled with the white,
Unfold to greet the sunshine
  That sheds Hope's rays of light.
With Hope a guide to glory,
  We'll sail the sea of Life;
Reward be ours in future,
  To crown the pain and strife.

Here, classmates, sad at parting,
  We sing our farewell lays,
Farewell to friends and teachers,
  Farewell to High school days.
O pleasant hours of study
  You'll always be in view.
And now, O loving classmates,
  To all we'll say "Adieu."

May Eulalie Moreau.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

TO the members of ninety-eight, its president takes great pleasure in directing a few paragraphs, as a fulfilment of the last act in the drama. For the curtain is about to fall. We are now dismissed from seats of proximity, both pleasurable and profitable—it is hoped—to wander and bustle, and work in the thoroughfares of an active and more realistic life.

It is a personal conviction, that those who centemplate a further schooling in the University should pursue it with firmer will and better defined purpose than they have the High school course. Any line of work taken in the High school is no loss; but when youthful years are passed, it seems that education should be sought according to the principles of a business-like economy. Then it is safest to begin reading and studying what is most fascinating to the individual; for the training of former years is supposed to have turned away the mind from vanities, and set it on a track of safe, free choice.

But to those who have ended their schooling—willingly or unwillingly—at this time, we owe an equal consideration. They constitute the greater share of each graduating class, and doubtless have as clear conceptions of their future life as do those bound on a professional career.

A frequent statement of schoolmen to scholars is that the world calls them to be leaders. This seems a pernicious teaching. The world needs, and therefore calls us to be what we are, whether by nature specialists, teachers, farmers, or what not of any legitimate occupation. With all our knowledge we must have wisdom, and "wisdom is justified of all her children."

So it appears that each one should be active and bold in asserting and shaping his own life. Married persons are said to live longer than single. One man, however, said it only seemed longer; therefore I can recommend the expediency of neither a married or unmarried existence After conferring with your worthy vice-president, it develops that she is of the same mind.

These are days, nevertheless, of great educational privileges and mechanical advantages, but they do not make the man. Shakespeare was not a university man, and had no typewriter.

Thomas Edison did not take a college course, followed by three years' scientific training in Germany. Joan of Arc had no military experience from academic instruction. Brains and work come before tools. If a man has great things within, he can find some way to get them out. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

Girls are just as subject to these general principles as are we boys. If they turn aside from dish-washing, or, peradventure, the cares of a nursery, to redeem the political world, then they have betrayed their trust. This is too late a date, after six thousand years of human history, to overthrow the order of society and institute a reign of the ludicrous.

Fellow scholars, of '98, we have in the past four years been seeking not only an education, but also a something to make self-education possible hereafter. As all young souls, we are held tenaciously in pleasant deliriums, and within a barrier of dreams. Our minds naturally run to the ideal; but if, in years to come, we find ourselves unable to make the ideal real, then remember that the real may be made ideal. Let us not, like unsympathetic butterflies sipping nectar, become oblivious to all claims of a fellow mankind. The best thing we ever can attain through the dim vista of futurity will be, by the help of a higher power,

"The thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize."

CLASS HISTORY.

IT is imperative that a record of the scenes and incidents which mark the progress of the class of '98 from start to finish, should stand out in bold relief against the historical back-ground of the political affairs, which have been before the American public during the last four years. Have we not been confronted by problems to the right of us, problems to the left of us, problems in front of us, and have we not marched on to victory after victory, leaving unknown quantities slain, English completely routed, Latin torn and bleeding, while all the world wondered ? And do we not then deserve honorable mention with the last presidential campaign, the Cuban question and our war with Spain ? In these days of kaleidoscopic changes it is most important that the annals of this class be recorded upon the pages of the world's history, to impress them upon the advanced minds of this progressive age. And when future generations gaze upon the chronicles of the nineteenth century, with what wonder will they perceive the remarkable achievements of this class !

When in the autumn of '94 the one hundred youths and maidens wended their way for the first time to the institution of classical and scientific learning, little did they think that the knowledge there acquired would make them famous ; little did they realize the eventful career opening before them ! In the first morning all gathered in the assembly room to listen to Mr. Goddard's words of wisdom ; and then joyfully they returned to their several homes to prepare recitations that should astonish their teachers on the morrow. For six weeks the battle continued without cessation and then came the written examinations. With what consternation were they greeted ! How genius strove to escape from its prison walls ! And finally with what anxious hearts were the corrected papers received and with what joy did each realize his fate ! Then we realized that our ability was at last unquestioned ; that our instructors had been obliged to admit our superiority.

During the ten months that we enjoyed the priviliges of freshmen we sat under the jurisdiction of Miss Hedrick, laboring diligently lest we be ordered to the office, there to meet our degradation. But this fate rarely befell us, for we were marvels of propriety. At the close of the year's work all were awarded prizes for good behavior ; and regrets were expressed that our presences would no longer grace room one.

With sorrow we heard of Mr. Goddard's resignation, for with his departure the school lost a helping friend. But the following autumn found a new principal in our respected Mr. Warriner. How we wondered at him ! A man capable of being in fifteen different places instantaneously and of performing as many distinct duties in a similar period of time. (This data is accurately recorded, having been determined by a member of the

illustrious class under peculiar but favorable circumstances.) So directly opposed was he to our former peremptory advisor that it took some time to become acquainted with his mode of action; but as soon as we discovered with what up-to-dateness he accomplished all undertakings we approached him less coldly—so unusual did this trait seem in an instructor. Thus it was not long before he had won the admiration and esteem of all.

The junior year was at last attained and dignity reigned supreme. The dust of ignorance and infantile habits was shaken from our garments and with the armor of ambition and independence buckled tightly, courageously we started forth to conquer all that came upon our field of action. Our first attack was upon the two-session plan, adopted as a new feature, and in which we were eventually successful; however, the nine months' course we encountered most amicably, but was lost in one short year.

At rhetorics each member in order met his fate, tremblingly and with frightened mien, our only consolation being that next year 'twould be another's turn to go tottering to the rostrum and seek a hiding place for his rapidly enlarging hands and feet. But the next year when it was announced that only the seniors would favor the school with their productions, judging from the sighs and groans emerging from the gallery, disappointment there held sway; however when a few had distinguished themselves amid storms of applause echoed through the corridors, all fears vanished and self-confidence was planted in the hearts of all.

A hop had long since been an established event of the junior year and soon all were eagerly looking forward to the happy time when we should show the admiring public that our feet as well as our heads were skilfully trained. Unlike our predecessors we were not opposed by that superior body, the faculty; but happy in their co-operation, after a series of meetings and innumerable disputes we were in readiness, and on the night of November the twenty-ninth the Masonic temple was indeed a scene of gaiety. With Byron we sang:

> "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!
> No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

From every standpoint the '98 hop, the last junior party in the history of the school, was a success.

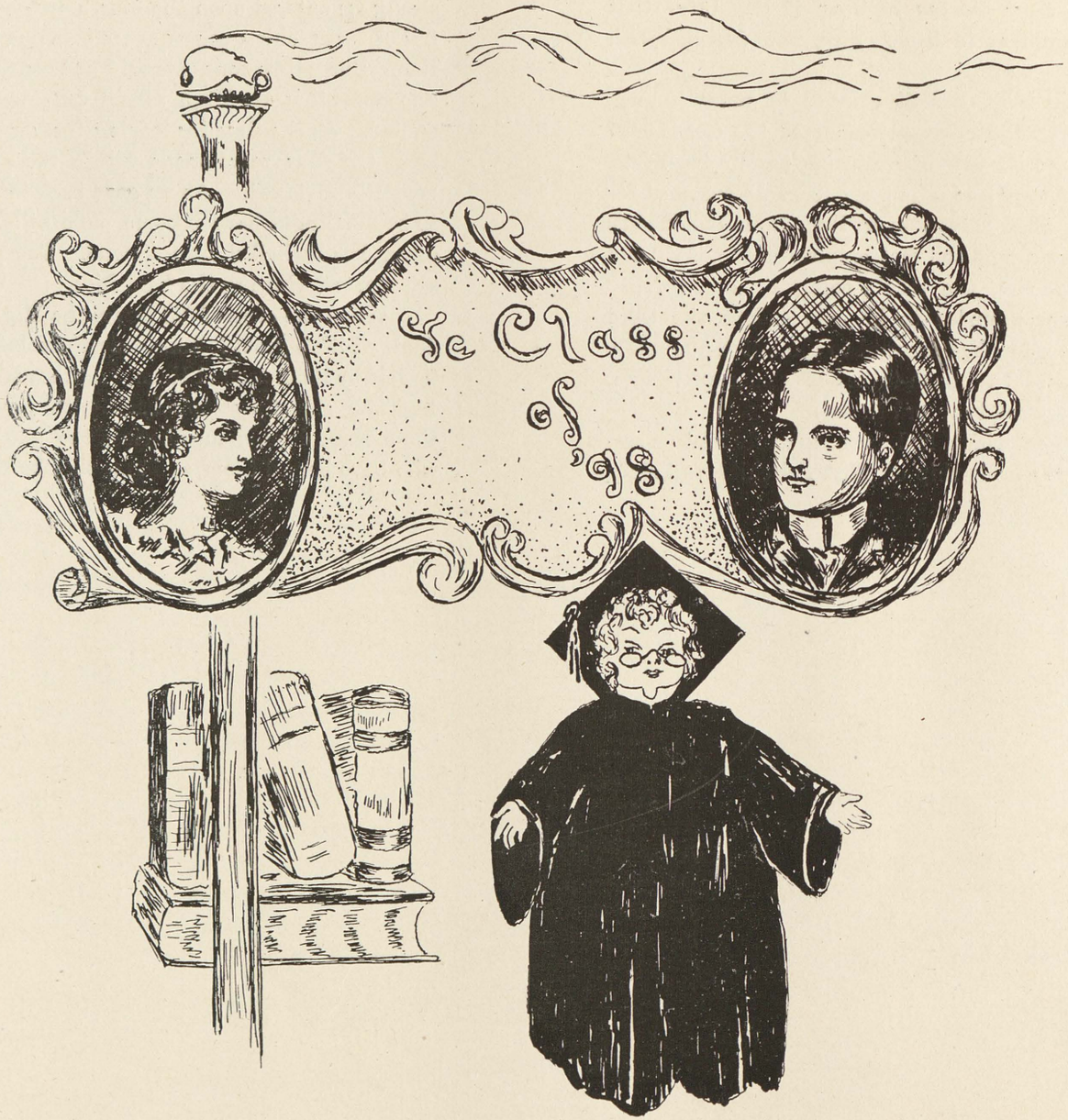
It was also a custom of school life to hold a Junior Exhibition; and the invincible '98's arose in their might and said, "Of all great Ex.'s let this be the greatest." The entertainment prepared on this particular year differed in style from those of former years. No ordinary program would do. "Scenes from Shakespeare" were reproduced and proved most unique and pleasing. We proved to the cold world that in addition to our other talents we were Irvings and Terrys in embryo. The class boasts of having their representations greeted by a larger audience than had ever attended a like event, and urgent requests

from Crow Island and Burt—to say nothing of Bay City—that we repeat our entertainment in those cities, were declined with thanks.

The history of this class is distinguished by many innovations. As the time for the commencement of the class of '97 approached we conceived the idea of tendering them a lawn fete. Accepting the hospitality of one of our members we prepared for a glorious time, but alas, "'twas ever thus from childhood's hours," "the mighty rain held the vast empire of the sky" and and all were driven indoors, the result being a "house fete" rather than what it was intended to be. So endeth the third year and with pleasure we looked forward to the last ten months. Now were to be enjoyed the much-talked-of senior privileges. (Another volume is required to record them.)

In the drawing room which had been converted into a session room, and under the leadership of Miss Fairchild, full sixty strong we entered upon the fourth and last engagement. Nothing of far reaching consequence occurred to mar the regular routine. But "time conquers all" and we finally awoke to the consciousness that our High school days were rapidly approaching an end. As the time for leaving forever our Alma Mater draws near, the four years spent within the precincts of learning are mentally reviewed. As we gaze back into the past what seemed to be mountains have become mole hills and what appeared an ocean has dwindled into a pond. The pleasures of school days arise, overshadowing the hardships.

When the class of '98 leaves the High school to become students of life's great lessons, may their influence for good always be felt by those around them. As they travel along life's rugged highway may they look back with joy and satisfaction upon those easier days, remembering the good examples set by those who have helped them, and may they be better for the retrospect.


Ye Class of '98

SENIORS '98.

Officers.

President—Edward E. Webber.
Vice-President—Lena Bow.
Secretary—Robert L. Benson.
Treasurer—John Roseberry.
Marshal—Lionel Marshall.

Class Yell—Osy, Kio, Osy, Osy, Kio, Sag,
E. S. H. S. '98, best class up to date.

Members:

John Austin,
Della Bacon,
Bertha Bartholomew,
Martha Bayley,
Robert Benson,
Lena Bow,
Marjory Bowen,
Walter Bleifield,
Charles Bricher,
Sylvia Bittermann.

Laura Camp,
Frank Eastman,
Jennie Fuerstenau,
Nellye Floyd,
Dora Goeschel,
James Griggs,
Kate Hamilton,
Mamie Hansberger,
Fannie Henion,
Bert Hanks,
Evelyn Hawkins,

Alma Ireon,
May Jenkins,
Sadie Lamphear,
Bessie Lee,
Grace Lyons,
Octavia Landry,
Fannye S. Kerngood,
Mary Kotarsky,
May McCall,
May Murray,
Anna Murray,

Ina McCalman,
May Moreau,
Alice Moon,
William Nichols,
Arthur O'Brien,
Dorcas Pendell,
Alberta Palmer,
Gertrude Parmeter,
Ralph Roosevelt,
John Roseberry,
Gertrude Rossiter,

Bella Reid,
Anna Smith,
Peter Schremm,
Winnie Schaefer,
Mildred Wiggins,
Gwendolyn Williams,
Edward E. Webber,
Harry Wilhelm,
Fred Wolf,
Albert Young.

CLASS PROPHECY.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."—*Virgil.*

It was on Christmas eve, and the bells in the dark church steeples
Merrily pealed forth their song of peace and good will to men.
People of all rank and station were busily hurrying homeward,
All with their hands and their hearts full of the sweet Christmas cheer.
All by myself in the arm-chair, I sat in the large drawing room
Thinking of all the great past, before the glowing hearth-fire.
Loving Alberta stepped in, and with a clear voice she addressed me:
"Early I leave for Armenia, as president of the 'Red Cross,'
And also with me will go the Misses Bow and Kotarski,
Aiding the poor needy suffering, in the country oppressed by the Turks.
If, now, your trip is decided, then come with us early tomorrow.
Quickly I made up my mind, my journey affairs to prepare,
So the next afternoon found us wending our way slowly eastward.
Large boats at New York were waiting, which might all the tourists convey
Over the deep mystic ocean, to Europe the continent sought for.
Hours eleven we waited before the great ship left the dock;
Meanwhile I sauntered down Broadway to look at the elegant buildings.
Here I perceived many names of the boys, who had ten years ago
Left the East Saginaw High school, after graduating with me.
Shortly I reached a large drug store, which stood on a corner of Clark.
Marshall & Roseberry, druggists, who owned and had managed this store,
Kept ice cream soda at three cents a glass and put up prescriptions.
Next to this medical house was a hardware store managed by Wolf;
John Austin, too, had a share in this, one of Broadway's chief buildings.
As I had traveled on farther, I noticed a large sign which read:
"Miss Bessie Lee and Miss Wiggins, who teach the young folks latest dances."
I found myself three days after, in one of Paris' crowded streets
Wondering at the excitement that prevailed, amongst all the people.
Reasons I sought for the tumult, and received for an answer a picture
Painted by Mamie Hunsberger; I soon recognized F. G. Eastman,
"Our Modern Demosthenes," who was making his annual tour
Over the continent of Europe. About a great store there were gathered
Women to see the new hats, which the milliners Lamphear and Moon
Placed in their beautiful windows to give a display of French fashions.
Soon I saw Sisters of Charity, Misses Murray, the pious and kind;
Me they informed that the Rev. A. Young was pastor in Paris
Over his great congregation of the noted and known Church of Christ.
Next, then, I visited Leipsic, the great German musical city;
Here to the conservatory I wended my way, and found two,
Winnie and Marjorie, studying under the greatest professors.
That day I visited the schools, and found in the primary grades,
Alma and Dorothy Goeschel, who taught little young German students.
Next day, I too found Miss Bella J. Reid, who had just changed her name,
Though not the letter, by marryigg a wealthy and popular druggist.
With my dear Belle at her home, I remained a few glorious days,
Where I soon found that Octavia lived but next door with her husband,
Also three little children, one of whom went here to school.
Passing through Germany and Italy, at Delphi, a city of Phocis,
Soon I consulted the oracle, which stood on a very high mount,
As to the fate and existence of my many friends and school-mates.
There sat a maid on the tripod above a deep opening whence
Vapor gushed forth. I placed on the altar a pure wine libation

'Waiting the answer. To discover the will of the gods and the fates
She, the pure priestess, then made the response, inhaling the vapor:
" Anna and Gertrude, thy school-mates, in college teach Latin and Greek,
Languages antique, but still interesting. Miss Jennie, another,
Now is professor of the German language, and is eagerly sought by all.
Great Wellesley college, too, has for its dean Miss Fannie Henion,
Also Miss Martha as teacher of chemistry, physics and science."
Gloomy were days that I spent in all the Greek mountainous regions.
So I soon ended my journey, and in the pleasant company
Of Miss May Jenkins, the president of the Great Eastern Society,
Made my way back, after a stormy journey, to Greater New York.
On my arrival, a newsboy approached me, and begged me to purchase
One of the latest edition of the " Journal " still found in New York,
Which he would sell for two cents. I bought it and looked through the columns ;
Then came to my notice the name of the editor Hanks, whom I'd known,
And who in geometry spoke of " two foots " in a plane very often.
One column headed with the words " Rich Finds " I looked thro', and found
That Walter Bleifield was just now from Klondike with great gold returning,
About to enter the banking business with a very dear friend.
On March 13th at the Grand Opera House, would appear the tragedian,
Famous James Griggs, who had earned many thousands within those few weeks,
When he had played to wonderful houses. Griggs was assisted
By many noble fine characters, including Fannye, whom whom we
Oft had the pleasure of hearing in many of her grand recitations.
Soon I decided to attend the affair, and once more to gaze
On those, whose familiar faces would bring back again the old school days.
Hours so slowly had passed, until the time for the play
" Romeo and Juliet " to begin, one of the Shakesperean tragedies.
James Griggs as " Romeo," and " Juliet " Clara May.
Perfect work they did. Lena and Dorcas too played their roles nobly.
After the first act, great Edward E. Webber, then New York's mayor,
Uttered a speech in honor of Griggs, once his school-mate.
Two evenings later, through the kindness of Gwendolyn, whom I met here,
I attended the grand ball of the wealthy New York's Four Hundred.
On Fifth avenue this took place in an exquisite hall
Whose massive bulk commanded the view of a large verdant garden.
Beautiful was the prospect as soon as we entered the hall,
For this was trimmed with palms intermingled with pretty cut flowers.
There sat enclosed in a beautiful circle of ferns and of palms
Thomas' full sixty piece orchestra, sending forth sweet strains of music.
'Midst the Astors and Vanderbilts in a jolly conversing crowd
I recognized e'en as many as five that had once been my school friends.
Miss May McCall, very splendidly clad, was one of the group.
Dressed in a beautiful gown of pink chiffon and satin
With a grand bodice of pearls and of emeralds surrounding her form.
Busy she was in conversing with Harry Wilhelm and Ralph Roosevelt.
Miss Hamilton, in white silk, and Gertrude Parmater in green,
Here soon approached them, and formed 'mongst themselves a small and bright party.
Coaches were ready at two in the morning to take to his home
Every aristocrat. For a few days in an elegant mansion
" Gwen " entertained me, and took me to each pretty place in New York.
On my way home, I again stopped in the " City of Brotherly Love "
In Pennsylvania : 'twas said that May Moreau lived in this city,
So I received her address and proceeded to see her at once.
When I arrived, she was busily receiving many rich ladies
Who had just made her a beautiful present of a diamond brooch

For the fine poem she'd written in honor of heroes American,
Whose lives, along with the "Maine," were destroyed by the
treacherous Spaniards.
Next day, when over the mountains, the sun had made fair way in
rising,
Miss May accompanied me to an elegant five-story school.
There Miss McCalman and Grace Lyons were earnestly teaching the
sciences.
As we walked down Market street, we soon met a large sign, which
read:
"Miss Camp and Mr. Will Nichol, the ablest lawyers in town."
For me, Chicago, on my way, was another stopping place too.
Here in this city, both Benson and O'Brien were Edison's helpers,
Putting to use all the physics they learned in their junior year.
Practice made them so expert, that merely by pressing a button
They might sweep Spain in a moment off from the face of the earth;
Some of the very large buildings at this time seen in Chicago
Joe Peters owned, who, though he'd oft acted the part of a clown
Now was both noted and wealthy. Here, too, the Saginaw High
school
Was represented thro' some of its teachers, Misses Hawkins and
Floyd.
April the 19th found me in Saginaw, from where I set out.

I met "Josh Hoehandle," whom we all know is good Peter Schram,
Who was a witness in the case of a murder in the year '97.
He informed me that Charles Bricher, a farmer in Bridgeport, would
get
Great sums of money for the large vein of coal which was found on
his farm.
As I passed by a large dry goods store, there came a call from the
door;
Miss Della Bacon and Bertha Bartholomew, who were there, told me
That they were both clerks and typewriters for the great firm in the
place.
Ten minutes later I was at my home very happily surrounded
By joyful family. Once more I sat down in the large easy-chair
To rest myself from my long pleasure trip, when someone then
entered,
And with a sweet voice she bade me: "Come, Sylvia, come now to
tea."
My eyes opened, and, looking about me, then I discovered
That it was Christmas eve, and the bells were still ringing their song;
Bright living coals were forth-sending their rays thro' the room from
the hearth-fire;
Snowflakes were falling, and to my surprise my trip was not real.
Ah! It was only a dream, but too happy, indeed, to be true!

CLASS ORATION—MILITARY GLORY.

WAR is the very foundation of history. From the time when the world-famed chieftains of Hellas crushed the power of the fabled Ilians—from the remotest periods of antiquity, even to the wars which have shaken our own land, the world has been convulsed with almost ceaseless strife.

In spite of all efforts toward arbitration wars still continue. Urged on by some real or feigned wrong, the nation sounds the bugle note, and on a moment's notice thousands are ready for the call. The workman exchanges his accustomed garb for the gilded uniform of battle;

"War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field."

Nor can we help admiring those brave hearts who renounce the ties and comforts of a quiet home life, and, hastening to the front, assist in maintaining the honor of their country. And, while we pay a merited tribute to the nation's defenders, even more do we cherish the memories of those who fall. But while celebrating the exploits of the heroes who follow our glorious banner, how little do we comprehend the real horrors of war. How can we forget, while exulting over the destruction of a foreign foe, that mothers in that distant land are vainly waiting the return of loved ones, lost in the battle's bloody strife! The dying hero on that awful field shows by the tears which fill his yearning eyes, the tender memories lingering in his heart. O, could the powers of earth realize war in its truest, direct aspect, then peace would surely regain its long-lost sway over the world.

"The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain."

Let us hope that before another century is ushered in, war will have ceased, and that the children of a coming generation may look back over the contentions of history as mere antique memories of a darker past, attesting the enlightening influence of modern civilization.

For, indeed, what have all the battles, all the conquests of the past availed? Only to keep the charts of the world in constant change. Glance over the pages of history. Where is that vast Assyrian empire, inexorable sovereign of the East? Where is Rome, that once potent mistress of a suppliant world? What, I ask, has become of that mighty empire which shook the whole earth with the sound of its conquering arms, and threatened to subjugate all Europe to the will of the haughty Corsican? History tells us they have fallen, leaving on her lurid pages a solemn warning to the conqueror's ambition—a perpetual memorial to the vanity of man.

Nothing is more destructive to the promotion of civilization and the advancement of learning, than a rapacious and unlimited desire for conquest. A proud national spirit, indeed, is essential; but a distinctively war-like and aggressive tendency is detrimental and ultimately fatal to the state. What a blow to the world's progress, when Sparta, with her stern military training, extended her dominion over the cultured Athenians! What a wealth of learning was lost to the world! Greece, the home of classical learning and art, might still retain her former splendor and magnificence had it not been for the petty jealousies and animosities which rent her political fabric. Learning never does walk hand in hand with strife.

Therefore, it should be the policy of our government, based on the principles of liberty, to refrain from any effort to further extend her dominions. Conquest is the aim of tyrants, not of a republic founded on the broad sphere of economy and truth. She should also encourage all attempts to establish a peaceful adjustment of international differences, and thus lend her influence in expelling that grim relic of a gloomy past—that remorseless monster which, for ages past, has held the human race enthralled within its coils.

What inconceivable things might be wrought with the labor and means expended in furthering the arts of war and destruction. The loss occasioned by a great war would be sufficient, if saved, to place the highway system of the land in perfect condition; the cost of maintaining a single European standing army would place the comforts of life within the reach of the whole nation's suffering and destitute; and the outlay involved in the construction of a modern navy would furnish means for the establishment of a national educational system such as the world has never known. And still, the civilized powers continue to drain their finances, in building engines of slaughter and death.

O, honor of war! Glory of conquest! Rapture of triumph! How vain, how transitory are all these aspirations! Is it for these that men forget themselves, forget their loved ones, forget even the One who made them, and plunge into danger, regardless of the end? All for the glory of a conqueror's name, or a conqueror's grave!

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

ROBERT L. BENSON.

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CLASS POEM.

The sunlight falls with its mellow ray
On the flowers and fields around,
Softening the fear of our future life
Which in peril and doubt abounds.
In the realm of the future unknown,
There is much to learn and to do;
We trust that time will perfect our plans,
And success crown the aims in view.

In childhood's days, so blithe and fair,
We plucked the sweetest flowers,
And lingered not to dream of care
Or reckon the fleeting hours.
When these bright days are of the past,
There follow the days of toil,
When we are struggling to take the prize
From Learning's fruitful soil.

And in these days of work and care
Life's curtain rolls on high
And shows upon the stage sublime,
A scene wherein reclines
The dragon Sloth by Diligence slain;
While Ambition points the way
To honor and glory, which we shall gain
By following day by day.

O High school days, O happy days
Beneath thy watchful eye,
We labor'd long and labor'd late
For the reward that now is nigh.
And now today we calm await
The crown of laurel sought,
The well earned prize we strove to gain,
Reward for the labor wrought.

And now to the future our steps we turn,
Wand'rers on the plain
Of Destiny where the flowers do bloom
That whisper success and fame.
In awe and in doubt we gaze around
On those flowers so stately and rare;
O, may we choose what is right and best
From this plain of allotment fair!

For some there is wealth, for some vain hope;
But for all, and none are exempt,
There's honor and influence, possessions and place,
For the zealous who make the attempt.
Let the specters that dance about Hope's blue flame
Not allure us on to harm;
E'en though for a time good fortune seems meant,
Containing a wonderful charm.

CLASS POEM—Continued.

In the arena of life there is much to be done ;
  Much to be fought and subdued ;
Much to be borne with little complaint,
  And oft is the struggle renewed.
And if in the contest we often may lose,
  We'll never give up in despair,
For conquer we will if patience prevails,
  And our foe lie vanquish'd there.

And then on life's calm sunlit sea
  Our tiny craft will sail,
Disturb'd no more by threat'ning waves,
  No more by furious gales.
On Destiny's plain the victory is ours,
  In the arena our foe is slain ;
In all our conflicts, duty and right
  Is ever our motto and aim.

The spring of life, so short and sweet
  We'll see in a landscape fair
As we from our little bark do gaze
  On the phantom pictures in air.
And summer with all her gayest hours
  Will pass in review at her best ;
What pleasure it is for the tired souls
  That will soon be sinking to rest !

For solemn voices will echo o'er,
  Yes, over the boundless deep,
The shadows eternal will gather about
  With darkness and with sleep.
Aye, the journey of life is very short,
  And dangerous is the sea,
But we'll pay the passage though costly indeed,
  And in safety reach the lea.

MAY EULALIE MOREAU.

CLASS NOVELETTE.

DOWN the stairway, her high heels trippingly tapping the polished wood, comes Baptiste. She is a dainty little maid—she herself thinks so—does Baptiste. Her skirt is rather short and swings above the daintiest of ankles. On her saucy head is perched a frilled dust cap and in her hand she whirls a silk duster.

She enters the large darkened drawing room and softly treading about, wipes each bit of old china and many exquisite pieces of statuary.

At last, she shyly approaches an alcove in one corner of the room. In this alcove there stands a beautifully sculptured terra-cotta statue of a lad of the Orient. The roguish face is framed by dark waving hair which has escaped beneath the folds of the dull red scarf wound around his head.

Baptiste approaches, smiling up into his face, her innocent childish eyes sparkling with joy.

Many times when alone she has come here to enjoy the company of the pretty lad, always wondering in her childish heart if he was smiling at her. She took delight in fancying that it was the figure of the lover she was some time to have.

As she looked up into his face she clasped her hands ecstatically and breathed, "Oh, my beautiful one," then, after a pause, "when he comes he will look like you—he will love me—and I will love him."

"Ah!" she pouts reproachfully, "you are laughing at me. Don't you think I can love—I do love." Is he holding out his hands to her? She steps up on the low pedestal and looks at him; he smiles into her eyes. "I can love," she murmurs, "I do love—you." She is close to him now and rising on her tiptoes she lifts her pretty mouth and presses her warm full lips to his cold smiling ones. He loves her, loves her, else why would he tremble—ah, yes, he trembles, shakes, totters—and falls. Poor little Baptiste! "Better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

CLARA E. MAY.

JASON'S QUEST.

PRIMITIVE peoples and nations express their thoughts most naturally in figurative utterance. This fact has been noticed in the very earliest records of ancient peoples. Their vivid imagination invents all sorts of fanciful stories concerning the phenomena of nature, and all other wonderful things which can hardly be explained by them, on account of their undeveloped state of civilization. This fact tends to explain the myths with which every nation in its early existence is well stored.

Probably, the people whose thoughts ran in the most beautiful and fanciful channels, were the Greeks. From this nation has been transmitted not only a wealth of beautiful stories, but also many tales of brave adventure.

One of the most famous is the mythical expedition of the Argonauts. It was a daring and adventuresome age, when Jason and his little band of brave Greek heroes set out in quest of the Golden Fleece. Years before this time, a golden ram furnished by Mercury, had borne two children, Helle and Phryxus, away from the cruelties of their step-mother. When the ram was passing over the strait between Asia and Europe, Helle fell into the sea, which has since been called the Hellespont. But Phryxus was carried safely to Colchis where he sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, but hung the fleece on a tree guarded by an ever-watchful dragon. To obtain this fleece was the object of the Argonautic expedition. After enduring untold agonies and innumerable hardships, they were successful and carried back to Greece with them the object of their search.

Many years have passed since that time. Many centuries have rolled away, bringing inevitable changes; many centuries, which have altered the heroes, their goals and the means for attaining their ends. How different are we, the Jasons of the twentieth century. How different is the Golden Fleece of today.

Even now the class of '98 is launching her boats bound for Colchis' strand. For four years our little fleet has kept closely together, piloted by our careful faculty who have been ever zealous in impressing upon our minds the necessity of hugging closely to the Latin shore (which many have done, but alas, for those who have not!) But we are now all ready to embark for Colchis, wherever that may be.

One little boat, filled with brave heroes, is propelled along the waters accompanied by the martial strains of the youthful Orpheuses. They are bound to maintain and support the honor of their glorious nation, to aid all suffering humanity striving for the blessed right of liberty, and to put down tyranny in all its loathsome forms.

Another boat is bound in an entirely different direction. Here are many whose brows adorned with the "civic oak of peace" are engaged in arts which only thrive in a nation at peace. Here are some with high literary aspirations who wish to hand down to posterity their famous name—and the result of their pen. Here are many, too, who are aiming to be in the future the piloting faculty for succeeding Argonauts. For the sake of posterity may they not then forget their days of experience in the good ship "Argo," in other words, our High school.

There is yet another ship from whose rostra resound the voices of many. How much good may be accomplished by the orator! From the rostrum justice is meted out, the Gospel is taught, and political reforms and improvements may be urged. These are noble goals and all look forward to the happiness of creating much good in these directions.

A last boat is launched, uncertain of its direction. These voyagers have no settled idea of the future but mean to follow the course where duty calls them. If this course does not lie in the busy currents, they are content to remain in quiet waters, doing good to those about them. They, too, are seeking their Golden Fleece.

Though in the future the class of '98 will be separated in far different parts of the ocean, yet let us hope that we shall often meet and stop in our course and call to mind the happy, though brief, days of our voyage in the good ship "Argo."

LENA BOW.

Die Pflege der deutschen Sprache in Saginaw.

Wenn man einen Spaziergang macht durch den Teil unserer Vaterstadt, in welchem vorzüglich Deutsche wohnen, so hört man nicht allein erwachsene Deutsche sondern auch kleine Kinder die deutsche Sprache gebrauchen.

Fragen wir, wie es kommt, daß Kinder, die in Amerika geboren sind, in einem Lande, in dem die englische Sprache als Muttersprache angesehen wird, deutsch sprechen, so wird man uns zur Antwort geben, daß es viele Gründe dafür giebt, warum diese Kinder häufig besser und lieber deutsch sprechen als englisch.

Mehr als die Hälfte der Bevölkerung Saginaw's ist deutsch-amerikanisch der Geburt oder der Abstammung nach; wäre es nicht zum Erstaunen, wenn es da keine vortrefflichen Gelegenheiten gäbe, die deutsche Sprache zu erlernen? Die Eltern in diesen deutsch-amerikanischen Familien pflegen die deutsche Sprache zu Hause. Vielleicht wird man fragen: warum? Zum meisten geschieht dies nur aus Liebe zur Muttersprache. Warum sollte es einem Vater oder einer Mutter nicht viel lieber sein, diejenigen Laute von den Lippen ihrer Kinder zu hören, welche sie selbst beim Eintritt ins Leben von ihren Eltern hörten? Wer könnte es einem Vater oder einer Mutter verübeln, wenn sie wünschen, ihre eigene Kindheit werde durch das Deutschsprechen ihrer Kinder ihnen von Zeit zu Zeit ins Gedächtnis gerufen?

Sobald das deutsche Kind alt genug ist, in den Kindergarten einzutreten, geht es auf der Ostseite des Flusses in den Germania-Kindergarten. Der Germania-Verein war der erste, welcher irgend etwas der Art in Saginaw gründete. Zuerst war der Kindergarten nur für deutsche Kinder, aber viele der amerikanischen Bürger, da sie die ungewöhnlichen Vorteile sahen, welche in diesem Kindergarten zu finden waren, haben ihre Kinder dahin geschickt. Einem, der nur die englische Sprache während seiner Kindheit gehört hat, scheint das deutsche Thun und Treiben im Kindergarten sehr schwer; aber nachdem die „Tante" eine Zeit mit den amerikanischen Kindern sich geplagt hat, sind sie bald solche Ausdrücke zu gebrauchen fähig wie: „Ich weiß nicht," „Darf ich Wasser trinken gehen?," Guten Morgen," „Wie geht's?" und Ausdrücke wie „Du dummes Kind," Du böses Kind," Gehe nicht fort," usw., lernten wir sehr bald verstehen.

Im Jahre 1872 kaufte die Stadt Saginaw von der Germania das Gebäude, welches die Germania-Schule genannt wurde, und im Jahre 1873 wurde es zu einer städtischen Schule gemacht. Der Vorbehalt war, daß Deutsch ein Drittel des Tages gelehrt werden sollte. Nachdem der Kursus im Kindergarten vollendet ist, treten die Kinder meistens in die Germania Schule ein. Sehr wenige der amerikanischen Knaben und Mädchen, die eintreten, können den Kursus vollenden um der großen Anstrengung willen, denn selbst im ersten Grade ist es notwendig, zu Hause zu studieren. In den deutschen Arbeitsstunden wird nicht ein einziges Wort Englisch gesprochen, und durch den wirksamen und vorzüglichen Unterricht hat jeder Schüler, nachdem er den achtjährigen Kursus beendigt hat, ein klares Verständnis und eine gute Aussprache des Deutschen sich erworben. Auf der Westseite wird ein gleicher Plan durchgeführt.

Während des ersten und zweiten Jahres in der Hochschule auf der Ostseite studieren die meisten der Germania-Abiturienten Lateinisch, und während des dritten und vierten Jahres nehmen sie wieder Deutsch auf. Die vorangeschrittenen deutschen Schüler der im Jahre '98 abgehenden Klasse haben die folgenden Meisterstücke der deutschen Literatur gelesen: „Wilhelm Tell," von Schiller, „Soll und Haben," von Gustav Freytag, „Deutsche Lyrik," „Hermann und Dorothea," von Goethe, „Iphigenie auf Tauris," von Goethe, „Minna von Barnhelm," von Lessing, und „die Glocke," von Schiller.

Außer den öffentlichen Schulen giebt es sechs deutsche Kirchenschulen: die Kirche zum Heiligen Kreuz, die Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirche, das Evangelisch-Lutherische Seminar, die deutsche Katholische Kirche zum Heiligen Herzen Jesu, die deutsche Lutherische St. Johannes-Kirche, die deutsche Lutherische St. Pauls-Kirche. Alle diese Gemeinden haben deutsche Schulen.

Noch eine andere Beihilfe zur Erhaltung der deutschen Sprache besteht in den deutschen Zeitungen und Zeitschriften, die in die Häuser kommen. Solche die aus Deutschland importirt worden sind, z. B.: Die Illustrierte Zeitung, Die Fliegenden Blätter, Über Land und Meer, Die Gartenlaube, Deutsche Roman-Zeitung, Deutsche Rundschau, und viele andere kann man in Saginawer Vereinen und Familien finden. Die besten deutschen Zeitungen, die in

Amerika gedruckt und auch in Saginaw gelesen werden, sind: Die New Yorker Staats-Zeitung, Die Illinoiser Staats-Zeitung, Die Westliche Post, Der Wächter am Erie, Die Detroiter Abendpost. Doch sollte ich auch erwähnen die Saginaw Post-Zeitung, welche vielleicht in den deutschen Familien von Saginaw mehr als irgend eine andere gelesen wird. Es giebt auch zwei kleine Zeitschriften, die in Saginaw gedruckt werden: „Meine Freude" und der „Evangelische Luther-Freund."

Saginaw hat auch einige deutsche Leihbibliotheken. In der Germania sind etwa 5000 Bände. Auch in der städtischen Bibliothek ist eine deutsche Abtheilung. In Verbindung mit der Volz'schen Schule steht eine kleinere Bibliothek.

Vielleicht könnte es den Leser in Staunen versetzen, wenn er hört, daß es elf deutsche Kirchen in Saginaw giebt: zwei Katholische, acht Lutherische und eine Methodisten-Kirche. In diesen Kirchen ist Gelegenheit geboten, das beste Deutsch zu hören.

Ich glaube das vortrefflichste Mittel die Muttersprache zu erhalten und zu verbreiten, ist das häufige Zusammenkommen in Vereinen. In den Vereinssälen werden Theaterstücke aufgeführt, Bälle, auch Maskenbälle, Konzerte, ja sogar Opern gegeben. Die Hauptvereine sind die Germania, der Arbeiter- und der Teutonia-Verein. Außerdem giebt es vier oder fünf deutsche Logen.

Wenn man alle diese Gelegenheiten bedenkt, sieht es nicht merkwürdig aus, daß nicht mehr junge Leute die Gelegenheit benutzen, die deutsche Sprache zu erlernen? Der Wert derselben in dem Handelsleben ist unfraglich groß, zumal wo viele Einwohner nur wenig Englisch sprechen können. Wenn man ein Leser ist, wird der Genuß vermehrt durch die Kenntnis der Sprache, denn viele Schönheiten der Meisterstücke gehen beim Übersetzen verloren. Auch ist es so in der Welt der Wissenschaft. Man kann sogar Musik besser genießen, wenn man Deutsch versteht, denn die meisten der großen Komponisten waren Deutsche. Es ist schon nützlich, wenn man ihre Namen korrekt aussprechen und die vielen deutschen Ausdrücke, welche in der Musik gebraucht werden, verstehen kann.

Wenn man das Glück hat, über's Meer zu gehen, wird eine Kenntnis der Sprache, welche in einem großen Teile von Europa gesprochen wird, der Person viele Vorteile und Vergnügen sichern.

By Marjorie Bowen.

E.q.w.
'99

CLASS OF '99.

Officers:

President—Arthur Treanor.
Vice-President—Eleanor Richardson.
Secretary—Edward Granville.
Treasurer—Addie Christopher.
Marshal—Ross McCausland.

Class Yell—Chick-a-go-runk! go runk, go rine,
East Side High School '99.

Members:

Tom Baillie,
Fred Barton,
Viola Becker,
Lilian Beckrow,
Clarence Blackmer,
Alfred Boegert,
Adeline Christopher,
Mabel Colcleugh,
Mary Cowell,
Harry Comins,
Edward Delano,
Anna Dieter,
Vernie Eldred,
Gertrude Enright,
Lynn Emery,
Lydia Gallagher,
Ruby Gay,
Bessie Grant,
George Grant,
Ina Gast,
Edward Granville,
Charles Hack,
Eva Haddlesay,
Celia Harbourne,
Gertrude Hawkins,
Nellie Higgins,
Donna Hill,
Josie Hugener,
Archie Hulgrave,
Julia Huss,
Alfred Jones,
Ethel Kendrick,
Alfred Kerns,
Will Lemen,
Will Loebrich,
Ross McCausland,
Gertrude Mautner,
Ernest May,
Louise Moore,
Alice Morrell,
Ora Murphy,
George Mutscheller,
Angus McCalman,
Kenneth McLeod,
Nettie Rhodes,
Mamie Porter,
Georgiana Palmer,
George Rankin,
Eleanor Richardson,
Russell Richardson,
Carrie Robinson,
Anna Schuller,
Maude Scollen,
Ethel Shaler,
Edna Symons,
Esther Smith,
Louise Smith,
Helen Stevens,
Mary Stewart,
Lora Stover,
Fred Sheriff,
Helen Temple,
Arthur Treanor,
Edward Taylor,
Orin Ulrich,
Marshall Vallette,
Myrtle Wallace,
Felicia Walthers,
Florence Waltz,
Frank Wolf,
Robert Wyek,
Olga Zuehlke.

1900
Bulletin
Class meetings every day in the week
By order
Pres'00-
INK
JENKINS.98

CLASS OF '00.

Officers:

President—Charles Peters.
Vice-President—Christian Winters.
Secretary—Susie Farmer.
Treasurer—Esther Stewart.

Class Yell—Rah! Rah! Purple,
Rah! Rah! White!
1900 is all right.
Are we in it?
I should smile,
We are in it all the while.

Members:

Addison Aldrich,
Laura Austin,
Cora Albers,
Frank Averill,
Roy Averill,
Frank Bastian,
Charles Birss,
Florence Bow,
Thomas Briggs,
Percy Brookins,
Archie Bitterman,
Claude Biggam,
Harry Biggam,
Ross Blankert,
Lilian Blight,
Herman Block,
Maude Bowen,
Jessie Bradshaw,
Edna Brooks,
Milton Benedict,

Gorman Bennett,
Elfrida Bruske,
Laura Boyer,
Gertrude Camp,
Myrtle Chestnut,
Charles Cogswell,
Lizette Conroy,
Jessie Cresswell,
Bella Chestnut,
Edward Conroy,
Viola Cremer,
Anna Bliss,
Grace Bartlett,
James Bagley,
Mabel Donely,
Harry Davis,
Walter Defoe,
Leet Denton,
Wm. Densham,
Lucy Edget,

Mabelle Ellsworth,
Lynn Emory,
Gertrude Enright,
George Endert,
May Enright,
Frank Emerson,
Susie Farmer,
Byrnie Fox,
Alma Franklin,
George Feige,
Carrie Fuerstenau,
Aimee Feige,
Anna Fraser,
Lilian Galbraith,
Ina Gast,
Louis Germain,
Fred Godard,
Edward Granville,
Barron Greiner,
Alfred Griffiths,

Charlotte Gemmill,
Nellie Greene,
Lulu Griggs,
Emma Holzheimer,
Frank Heindle,
Ada Hewlett,
Myrtle Hatswell,
Naomi Hales,
Maggie Houlihan,
Clarence Hayes,
Max Heavenrich,
Laura Heaysman,
Harry Hooper,
Erle Hanks,
Lizzie Haehsler,
Arthur Heavenrich,
Cora Hinkley,
Jessie Holden,
Helen Hutton,
Charles Hayes,

Julia Huss,
Anna Jobb,
Claudia Jordan,
Harry Jordan,
Cora Janes,
Arthur Jenkins,
Alice Koehler,
Allison King,
Anna Kelly,
John Killen,
Lilian Kurtz,
Alfred Kerns,
Wm. Kaufman,
James Kenney,
Hugo Kindler,
Frank Lash,
Lillie Lenhoff,
Ruby Light,
Nettie Lindsay,
Georgie Lalinde,

Grace Lange,
Mamie Lee,
Emmeline Lengst,
Charles Lee,
Wm. Loebrich,
Harry Lyons,
Ernest Ludovici,
Howard Luther,
Nita Meyer,
Frank Marshall,
Charles Martin,
Edith McLeod,
Grace McCutcheon,
Andrew McLean,
Addie Midcalf,
Bennie Mosser,
Harry Montgomery,
Clara Mickey,
Hattie Miner,
Eva Mautner,

CLASS OF '00—Continued.

Lizzie Marx,
Sarah Mulholland,
Mabel Miller,
Sadie McCarty,
Louise Moore,
Will McBeth,
Hasell Madigan,
Alice Merrill,
Maggie McBeth,
Alice McKey,
Lizzie McLeod,
Caddie Madigan,
Charles Marble,
Ernest Meservey,
James Mooney,
Ella Morgan,

Mary Mowry,
Frank Mowbray,
Ara Munson,
Elsie McGonigal,
Harry Nester,
Hermann Nickodemus,
Henry Newmann,
Fred O'Hara,
Alma Orchard,
Louis Otto,
Ernest Passolt,
Nellie Pattinson,
Roy Pendell,
Gertrude Porter,
Charles Peters,
Edna Qualman,

John Roenicke,
Norman Rupp,
Rocco Roman,
Frank Roseberry,
Clara Rademacher,
Lulu Robinson,
Ernest Rose,
Fred Secord,
Genevieve Shea,
Wm. Slesinger,
Hoyt Smart,
Clara Smith,
Ida Spinning,
George Stoddard,
Emanuel Schust,
Josie Severine,
Sadie Smith,

Clair Smith,
Arthur Schwartz,
Mamie Schwartz,
Will Shaw,
Fred Sheriff,
Esther Stewart,
Charles Stevens,
Floyd Tallmadge,
Gustave Tanski,
Maude Leal,
Lulu Thomas,
Wm. Toole,
Reve Truesdale,
Lilian Torongo,
Grace Tyler,
Homer Toms,

Abbie Waller,
Hortense Wingitt,
Belle Wallace,
Mamie Wachalac,
Christian Winters,
Abbie Williamson,
Russell Wallace,
Cora Winston,
Otto Walther,
Georgia Wiggins,
Vincent Weadock,
Alma Wandschneider,
Ernest Whelan,
Alvin Wright,
Lottie Young,
George Zehfus

AN OBJECT LESSON.

She toss'd her head disdainfully
  And laughed in sportive glee;
She said it was so painfully
  Absurd as it could be,
That I should claim the greater height
  When all the world must see
That she, in stately manner, quite
  With ease looked down on me.

She stood close by me, and I knew
  That opposite to mine
Were tempting lips of ruby hue,
  And dimpled cheeks divine.
"That you are just my height," said I,
  "Indeed I must insist."
And so to prove my statement—why
  Her pouting lips I kissed.

—Anon.

INK
JENKINS '95

CLASS OF '01.

Class Yell—Tweedle dee, and tweedle dum,
We're the ones to make things hum,
For we're the class of 1901.

George Able,
Roland Brooks,
Frankie Bamford,
Arthur Burleigh,
Frank Baille,
Wallace Black,
Blythe Beckrow,
Clayton Brown,
Grace Burton,
Nellye Birss,
Helen Brooks,
Bessie Bush,
Davitt Barry,
Minnie Brown,
Otto Boehlke,
Max Buhsel,
Alice Burt,
Rudolph Beckrow,
Hattie Burtch,
Irene Bruske,
Alden C. Bower,
Will Cashin,
Dora Clinkofstine,
Helen Coates,
Lillie Cummiford,
Ida Claugh,
Edla Connely,
John Connely,

Mollie Carpenter,
May Crosby,
Charles Cogswells,
Maude Davidson,
Marion Delend,
Bartley Davitt,
Ruby Donley,
Harry Dietz,
Carrie Dubey,
Frank Davey,
Harry Davis,
Leet Denton,
Hammond Elsmore,
Effa Ellis,
May Egan,
Lizette Eastman,
Hazel Fisher,
Ethel Francis,
Louise Foley,
Florence Ferguson,
Louis Feahr,
Arthur Floyd,
Hattie Feahr,
Anna Finlay,
Joseph Gerhart,
LaVergne Gardner,
William Gallagher,
Laura Gallagher,

Louise Grinell,
Nettie Grant,
Gertrude Granville,
Fred Golson,
Abigail Gue,
Frank Greene,
Blanche Grey,
Matie Hoyt,
Edward Holzheimer,
Eva Hodgins,
Miriam Harrison,
Harry Hatswell,
May Heavenrich,
Walter Hitchcock,
Mattie Hyde,
Edith Healey,
Katie Healey,
Floyd Horning,
George Harder,
Deveraux Hill,
Grace Holahan,
Lola Hill,
George Hoppe,
Frank Heindle,
Belle Johnson,
Della Jacques,
Anthony Johnson,
Maude Johnson,

Eva Johnson,
Etta Kerchenwitz,
Frank Kerns,
Ray Kendrick,
Ethel Keeler,
William Kerns,
Mattie Koehler,
Louis Kleiss,
Cecilia Kenny,
Alma Koeppen,
James Kenney,
Willie Kaufmann,
Jessie Laible,
Louis Laney,
Russell Lyon,
Maude Lee,
Ida Lambert,
Blanche Lee,
Minnie Lange,
Ralph Langley,
Arthur Landry,
Emma Louden,
Nellie Lawrence,
Anna Lovitz,
Andrew Leach,
Grace Moore,
Florence McKnight,
Sara McHale,

Emma Marwinski,
Ella Muehler,
Lorette McCann,
Will McNalley,
Stella Marshall,
Mae McCoy,
Mary McDonald,
Robert Mitts,
Mollie McHughes,
Fred McKee,
Winnifred Marskey,
Stuart Morley,
Anna Marx,
Ruth Marden,
Maud Martin,
Mable Moxley,
Emma McClenan,
Ed. McLeod,
Ralph Marshall,
Cora Merritt,
Robert McCutcheon,
James Mooney,
Frank Mowbray,
Mary McRae,
Mae Rodeville,
Daisy North,
Burrell Neuman,
Herman Nickodemus,

CLASS OF '01--Continued.

Rose Owens,
Harvey Ostrander,
Mathilda Prottenguier,
Edna Prochnow,
Lola Perry,
Lela Perry,
Ralph Pierson,
Robert Pauli,
Willie Paine,
James Phillips,
Anna Putnam,
James Passmore,
Alice Raines,
Ara Richardson,
Lena Rosenberry,
Amelia Ruff,

Lila Ryan,
Clara Riedas,
May Russell,
Roera Roman,
Frank Roseberry,
Maner Sager,
Grace A. Sample,
Lulu Sanborn,
Elsa Schwemer,
Bessie Shea,
Burt Sheriff,
Edna Shurtleff,
Mamie Skillen,
Emma Seymour,
May Smith,
Harry Spaulding,
Celia Stolz,

Blondinea Struck,
Villa Sweetwood,
Nellie Sweeney,
Gertrude Seymour,
Henry Schroeder,
Don Smith,
Grace Stoner,
Hoyt Smart,
Rosabel Surerem,
Andrew Leyerer,
Louis Smith,
Olga Smith,
Charles Sparling,
Alma Schmuch,
Fred Smith,
Frank Simons,
Lilian Smith,

Josephus Templeton,
Tony Taranty,
Louis Thomas,
Mable Tuomey,
Robert Thompson,
George Thompson,
Mamie Taylor,
Earmia Thomas,
Nellie Toll,
Floyd Tallmadge,
Nellie Vance,
Sollye Ward,
Clara Wiggins,
Isabella Willox,
Mable Wisner,
Ida Weideman,
Victor Walthus,

Earl Wellington,
George Waltz,
Wesley Winkler,
Mamie Walters,
Maud Whalen,
Mary Walthus,
Nellie Witters,
Willie Wheeler,
Ida Whelan,
Sara Wilson,
Edna Young,
Minnie Zaneb,
Ellen Zwerk,
Geo. Zuckermandel,
Steven Zacharias,
Clara Zwerk.

LAMBDA SIGMA.

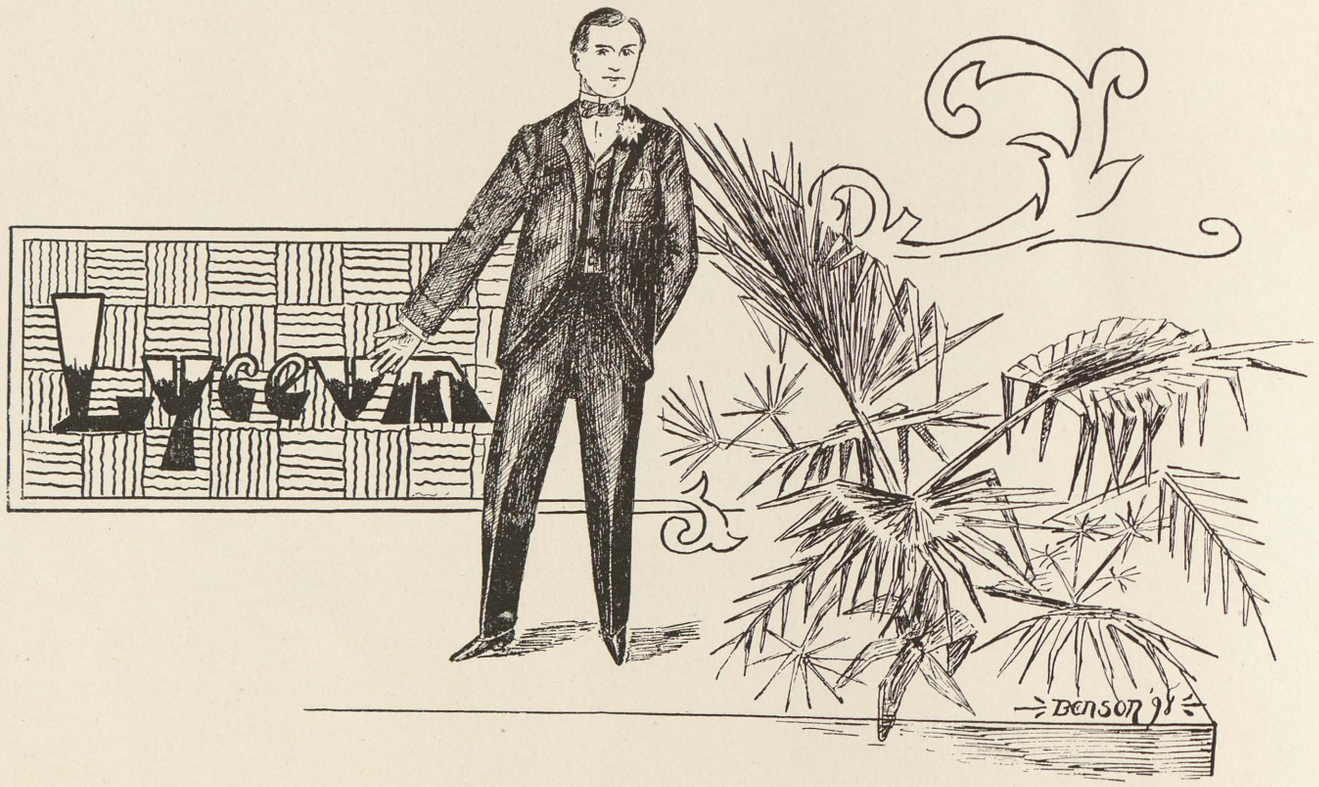
Delta Chapter.

Colors—Blue and White.

Yell—Si Rickity Bickity Bah!
Lambda Sigma, Pah, Who, Wah!

Officers:

E. C.—Joseph S. Peters.
V. E. C.—Harry S. Goseline.
E. S.—Frank G. Eastman.
E. W. E.—T. S. Baillie.
E. H.—R. D. McCausland.


Lyceum
Benson '91

HIGH SCHOOL LYCEUM.

Organized 1888.

Colors—Royal Purple and White.

Officers:

President—Harry M. Comins.
Vice-president—Earl Hanks.
Secretary—Robert L. Benson.
Treasurer—Arthur Schwartz.
Critic—Arthur Heavenrich.
Marshal—Frank Lash.

C. C. L. S.

GIRLS' COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

'92 Colors—Red, White and Blue. '98

Yell—Zim, Boom ta-ra,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hurrah, Hurrah,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Now who are we?
Who can guess?
East Side High School
G. C. L. S.

Officers:

President—Eleanor Richardson.
Vice-president—Louise Smith.
Secretary—Adeline Christopher.
Treasurer—Lydia Gallagher.
Critic—Gertrude Rossiter.
Marshal—Alma Wandschneider.

E. S. H. S. FOOT BALL TEAM.

Colors—Black and Gold.

Yell—Een dica deen dica fada dica fum;
Ee bibi boba, ee bibi boba,
Een dica deen dica fada dica fum,
East Side High School!
Zis Rah boom!
Saginaw!

Line-up, '97-'98.

Center—A. W. Ridley.
Lt. Guard—J. S. Peters.
Rt. Guard—H. C. Lyons.
Lt. Tackle—H. C. Wilhelm.
Rt. Tackle—R. M. Roosevelt.
Lt. End—C. P. Kerns.
Rt. End—T. S. Baillie.
Quarter-back—H. Davitt.
Lt. Half-back—H. S. Goseline.
Rt. Half-back—A. A. McLean.
Full back (Capt.)—Jas. A. Griggs.
Guard—T. E. Briggs.
Lt. Half-back—K. McLeod.

Record:

E. S. H. S. 8—E. S. H. S. (Alumni) 4.
" 12—Alma (Reserves) 0.
" 4—Mt. Pleasant (Normals) 8.
" 10—Midland 0.
" 18—Bay City 0.
" 0—Alma 14.
" 18—Bay City 6.
" 4—Alma (Reserves) 6.
" 8—Owosso 6.

DELTA IOTA FRATERNITY.

Alpha Chapter.

Colors—Black and Red.

Officers:

President—Arthur Heavenrich.
Vice-president—Harry C. Lyons.
Secretary-Treasurer—James A. Griggs.
Marshal—Leet B. Denton.

Delta Iota Yacht Club.

Colors—Black and Red.

Yell—Saginaw, Saginaw, Rah, Rah, Rah!
D. I. Yacht Club, Ha! Ha! Ha!

Officers:

Admiral—James A. Griggs.
Captain—Baron F. Greiner.

Special War Canoe Officers:

Admiral—James A. Griggs.
1st Cockswain—Harry C. Lyons.
Alternate—Will F. Nichol.

OUR STRUGGLE WITH SPAIN.

THE roll of the drum, the call of the bugle, and the ringing of bells make us start, with beating hearts, to learn the cause of such unwonted sounds. "What can be the meaning of this?" "War," is the universal cry. Then slowly it dawns upon our excited minds that the time has come when the United States, as a nation, can no longer stand and look on the suffering and maltreatment imposed upon our neighbors, the Cubans, by Spain.

As any true-hearted man would strike down a brute who persists in beating a woman or child, so does the American nation engage in a similar strife to free Cuba from the cruel and dragon-like hands of Spain, and make an end of that nation forever, which too long has curled its coils of darkness and barbarous deeds about the new-born world. We are engaged in a war for the enfranchisement of a people who are bound to us by no ties but those of humanity. We are waging a war not for revenge, not a war for the gaining of more territory, but a war for the sake of humanity, dear liberty, and justice for the Cubans.

Now let us ask what country on this broad earth has ever taken such a step? What country is there that has placed her fortune and the lives of her brave sons at stake for such a cause? What race of people is there like the plain, common, liberty-loving Americans, that has fought a war for human liberty and human progress? Not many, if any at all. Yet, in justice to our neighbor across the Atlantic, let us say that in the war of the Netherlands, in 1609, when the "Invincible Armada" met its defeat, England and the Lowlands waged a war not only for their existence, but for the cause of humanity, and the preservation of the interests of their race. They waged a war against a country far different in religion and freedom, a country whose inhuman deeds even at that time were looked upon with horror. This was no other than the "Moloch-minded" Spain.

War is wrong, but shall a nation who wishes to preserve its dignity and honor, submit to unnumbered insults and calmly view the torture and death of many thousands of helpless human beings and not raise a hand in protest? War is wrong, but for what, if not to aid mankind, did God place strength in the body of man, and in a nation? This war has been inevitable and it has come. It has stirred the hearts of thousands of our young Americans to take up arms in devotion to the flag that floats over this, our united country. This war is the grandest event in the history of this century, also the most righteous one, and it should have the unselfish and loyal support of every man whose heart vibrates with sympathy towards suffering mankind.

Before the smoke of battle obscures our vision and the thundering of artillery drowns our voice of reason, let us note some of the points that the future historian will take as the effect of this war upon the whole world. The brotherhood of man will come through this war; Cuba will be free; Spain dispossessed of her American possessions, if not entirely wiped off the face of this earth. This war will revivify American manhood; awaken a slumbering spirit of freedom; it will erase one more stain from the world's map; it will hasten the dawning of a new time when America shall be the most honored nation of the world. It will pave a way for progress in the world, both commercial and industrial; and it will strike a blow at monarchy and add strength to the organs of democracy. But it will end when the last Spanish official leaves forever the verdant shores of the new world; and then let the triumphant bugles of the last successful army sound the paean of a lasting and honorable peace. And may we hope these bugles to be those of our own dear America.

ANNA B. SMITH

THE CURRICULUM OF OUR SCHOOLS.

ACTUAL contact with a thing is the best guarantee to a knowledge thereof. Therefore, it seems that a graduate, fresh from his connection with school and its benefits, should have some convictions as to its standard. He should be able to discriminate with unbiased judgment between its best and its poorer features. So it seems especially proper that the "Aurora" should voice some thoughts in this line.

In the first place, all must agree that our school system stands in a sphere of its own. However similar the education of an Englishman may be to the education of an American of the same social gradation, there is no likelihood that they arrived at it by the same course of instruction. We do not know whether the American school is more practical than the European ; but this should be evident to every person of wise reflection, that much more ought to be got out of a twelve-year system of instruction, than is commonly derived in our system.

Some may reason that such a statement has its source in the universal spirit of discontent. No, indeed. Let ingratitude be relegated to oblivion, yet it is not an ungrateful act to tell a friend his faults.

What, then, are the faults of our curricula ? The first fault is that American independence has not sufficiently asserted itself. It clings too closely to the European standard. About four hundred years ago the Old World was awakening from a long sleep of ignorance. Her society was quite unburdened by any application of learning. In that juncture all her scholars began reading the dead languages. Very good. That is what raised again Europe to a contemplation of ideals. Ever since that time education has followed in the footsteps of the ancients.

Now the study of Greek and Latin in our schools is all right. The modern world must return to these fountains for much of her inspiration. But we are not bound, because of that, to incorporate into our curriculum all the rambling, frothy, crazy imaginations of the ancients. Bacon had to stand out alone for years in wrathy denunciation, before he could redeem the superstitious world from the unscientific science of a bygone age. Finally, however, he accomplished it, and other men followed in his wake, building up such a structure of sound science as is the glory of the earth today.

Would that a Bacon could stand out in the literary world and accomplish a sudden overthrow of the whole rotten structure of Greek and Roman mythology! American institutions are blighted, and deprived of their wonted individuality because they allow the youths and maidens, while seeking intelligence and literary training, to be crammed with heathen nonsense and impossibility. If the time and expense of tutoring for useless branches were expended in perfecting rhetorical and oratorical branches, or even good prose literature in Greek and Latin, our High school graduate would evolve with more common sense.

Big giants of teachers will rise up and ask how we prove that the writings of Virgil, Ovid, etc., are useless to the modern world. They show with a great flourish of enthusiasm, how Tennyson can not be read, how Longfellow can not be read, etc., etc., without a knowledge of these classical productions. Well, what if they can not? There are still one or two things left, and we shall survive. If ten years are required to learn how to eat an article, which is no better than what already can be relished, is it not better to let the former go?

In the senior year of a classical course one spends about a thousand hours on the translations. He has five recitations in Greek and five in Latin, principally given to mythological subjects. At this same time he has only two recitations in English work. Is not that a funny and unexplainable coincidence?

Another fault in our curricula is the sad absence of history. For years the members of the classical, Latin and other courses have been graduated and have posed before the community as intelligent, up-to-date people, when they had never heard of the "Treaty of Berlin, "Trafalgar," or such like marks in history.

History, rhetoric, oratory, and common law are the starved inmates of our schools. Classical mythology is the bloodsucker. Let there be a revolution!

E. E. Webber.

GRINDS

SENIOR ROLL CALL.

"Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,
We sketch the world exactly as it goes."

Eastman—"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it might get blunted."

Goeschel—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Peters—"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies."

M. Bowen—"Tho' time has touched her too, she still retains much beauty and more majesty."

Griggs—"She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smiled, and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone."

Webber—"Besides 'tis known he could speak
Greek as naturally as pigs squeak."

Parmater—"Plato himself had not surveyed
Unmoved, such charms as she displayed."

Ralph to Louise M.—"I have not from your eyes that gentleness and show of love as I was wont to have."

Pendel—She bore herself
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head."

Goseline—"That loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

Williams—"She doth indeed show some spark,
That art like wit."

Herbert—"Chas.: that beard of thine becomes thee not; it should be cut before a day older."

C. May—"Blushed like the waves of hell."

Wilhelm—"Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest."

Benson—"For genius swells more strong and clear
When close confined—like bottled beer."

McCall—"Grace was in her step (?) heaven in her eyes,
Every gesture dignity and love."

How We Should Smile—

If Charlie Beers became a dude.
If Miss Bowen arose in time for school.
If Wilhelm would show us "The Beautiful Lady."
If Kerngood would stand in the back row, if the "Aurora Board" ever had their pictures taken again.

A Rule.

"Work" not that ye may be not "worked."

A Maxim.

You can drive a horse to water,
but
you
can't
make
him
drink.

You may drive a boy to college,
but
you
can't
make
him
think.

A Fact.

"Weep, and the world laughs at you,
Laugh, and it is shocked at your levity."

WARNINGS TO

Griggs—Beware of smoking cigarettes; they may stunt your growth.

Jenkins—Beware of anti-fat.

May (which one?) Beware of Wilhelm. "He is composed and framed of treachery."

Benson—Always beware of "parlor matches." They have been known to go off."

The Board of Education—Beware of graduating classes and other swindling organizations; they'll fleece you.

Symons—Beware of Bay City boys. They may Turn(h)er affections from you.

Freshmen—Beware of celery compound; you need no "nerve" tonic.

Only a Joke—The activity and usefulness of the Lambda Sigma.

Postmaster Linton might consider an application from Miss Edget; she shows much efficiency in postal transmission.

"We have antiqutities in America; for instance the '97 Aurora."

Mr. May remarked to Miss Muma that it was not a lack of Earnest(ness) but a lack of Ernest May that he is troubled with.

For up-to-date chickens of all varieties, descriptions and colors, call on Frank Lash, corner Mulberry and Poultry avenues.

Requested by Miss Fairchild, a good Junior history class next year.

Mr. Warriner solemnly announced in Senior history one morning: "There are fast mails (males) now-a-days."

Frank Symons is very popular this year.

Eleanor Richardson is too round to be a star.

Scotland has the thistle,
England has the rose,
Ireland has the shamrock,
But Warriner has the nose.

After man came woman—and she has been after him ever since.

A woman always wants the last word. That's why she looks at the end of a novel first.

Our Editor.

He has a girl in Alma,
Another one in Reese,
A dozen on the West Side
And forty on the East.

But his heart's in Battle Creek,
And since she's out of reach
He vows with utmost candor
"The last one is a Peach."

He has so many trinkets
We think it is a shame
That some one doesn't give him
A pretty chatelaine.

Pins, rings and even watches
And I'll warrant locks of hair,
Has that innocent young scamp,
But enough---you'll all beware.

To the Lambda Sigma Boys.

"Farewell! You've yet one solace left,
Which cheers your lonely hearth,
And in that thought a thousand hopes
Are springing into birth;
How beautiful the vision comes, amidst
Life's gathering cares,
In shape, a champagne bottle and a
Box of fine cigars!

The succesful man always sticks to one thing until he gets there. So does a postage stamp.

The chief end of man is his foot—especially when he has to foot his wife's bills.

A physician is a man who recommends a change---and then takes all you have.

How do young ladies show their dislike to mustaches? By setting their faces against them.

What do lawyers do when they die? Lie still.

	Disposition.	Failing.	Good Points.	Likes Most	Hates Most	Favorite Books.	Noted for
Griggs.	Grouch.	Fickleness	Patriotism	National Wheels	Wilhelm	"Ten Nights in a Pantry with a Muzzle on."	Favoritism. Jealousy
Benson.	Jolly.	Girls (?)	Studious	Algebra	Hot Weather	"Aurora."	Orations
Bitterman	Wonderful	Music (?)	Many	Boys	School	Scrap Books	Laziness
Bacon.	Hasn't any	Prayer Meetings	German	To bite Lead Pencils	Wolf	Mother Goose	Lord Bacon's Niece
Wilhelm.	Varied	"Velvet Grip"	Hard to find	Griggs	Mum's Extra Dry	Pair o' Dice Lost	Good Behavior
Lamphear	Languid	Masculine Affinity	Viel Mehr Meist	Church	To be Teased	Blank Books	Touchiness
Roseberry.	Serious	Conceit	Wonderful	Lambda Sigma	To Pass Constitutions	Isn't out yet.	A Swelled Head
Williams.	Cheerful	Long Name	General Apptitude	....	Unartistic	Drawing Tablet	Her Laugh

	Disposition.	Failing.	Good Points.	Likes Most.	Hates Most.	Favorite Book.	Noted For.
McCall.	Philanthropic	Band Concerts	Fill a Book.	White Horses	Ask Her.	Houseboat on Styx.	Brilliancy
Eastman,	Lovable	Doughnuts	Too Few to Mention	Miss Muma	Greek	Check Book	White Hats
Richardson.	Ausgezeichnet	Temper	See Vol. II.	Long Fakes	Her Friends	The Terror of Wild, Wild West	Solemnity
Webber.	Mixed	Hands	Essays	Selling Tickets	Railroad Fares	Book of Psalms	Winning Ways
May.	Flighty	Sarcasm	See blank page	" To Play."	Knox Sailors	Hillsborough vs. Water Town Story	Her Novels
Kerngood.	Passionate	Elocution	Ask Tulip	Bay City	Ann Arbor	French Reader	Courage
Schramm.	Dutchy	Books	Ask the Advertisers	Soda	Beer	Pleasures of Advertisements	Sudden Fame
Hamilton.	Humorous	Fleshiness	Promptness (?)	Unrevealed	Driving	Life	Celerity

Name.	Disposition.	Failing.	Good Points.	Likes Most.	Hates Most.	Favorite Book.	Noted For.
Palmater.	Angelic.	Coon Songs.	Blue Points.	Physical Culture.	Wolf	Darkest America Song Book.	Magnetism.
Bowen.	Sweet.	Slender.	Maternal.	Music.	Bassanio.	Merchant of Venice.	Salad.
Rossiter.	Frivolous.	Bossy.	Winsome.	Study.	Failure.	Greek Grammar.	Length.
Palmer.	Reserved.	Medical Students.	Geometry.	Medical Students.	Miss Eldred.	?	....
Bow.	Sentimental.	Wolf.	Extremities.	Nothing.	Nothing.	A Young Girl's Harp.	Coquetry.
Young.	Studious.	Whiskers.	Wait a While.	Sunday School.	....	Pocketbook.	Love Matters.
Hanks.	Hilarious.	Mathematics.	?	?	?	Geometry.	Vivacity.
Peters.	Jovial.	Hay Fever.	Ask the 1,000 Girls.	He does not know.	Advertising.	Delta Oracle.	Personality
Bayley.	Noble.	Soft-hearted.	All.	South Saginaw.	?	Cook Book.	....
Bleifeld.	Lazy.	No Confidence.	Silence.	Chicken.	Work	Rip Van Winkle.	Face.
Bricher.	Bohemian.	Strength in Legs.	End Ones.	Muma.	Beer.	Robin Redbreast.	A Stand-in.

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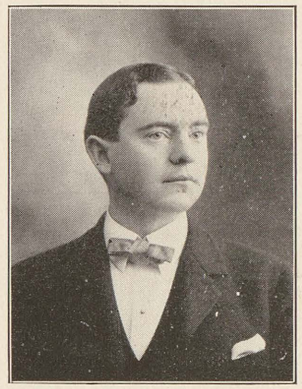

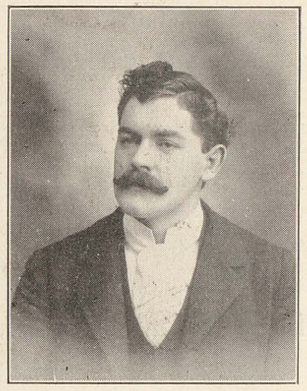

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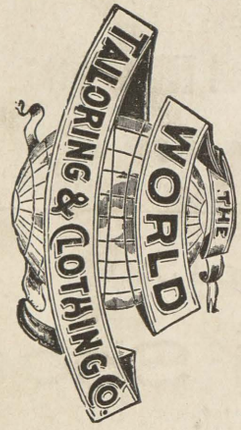

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